

### Best of all in Leavening Power — Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

**Slumber Song.**  
Sleep, my baby day is ending,  
Flowers their beauty here are biding  
Sleep, baby sleep,  
While the birds without number  
And the bees are busy humming,  
Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Sleep, my darling, bees are humming,  
Flowers laden homeward coming,  
Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Hear their hum in the soft air singing,  
How a lullaby are singing—  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

Sleep, my darling, stars are peeping,  
On the earth the calm watch keeping,  
Sleep, baby, sleep,  
O'er the world a sweet slumber stealing,  
Bring the precious gift of healing;  
Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Sleep, my child, no fear is sleeping,  
Since the world is to God a keeping,  
Sleep, baby, sleep,  
Sleep, and all with music making,  
Light and love, all joy partaking,  
Sleep, baby, sleep.

E R D in Boston Traveler.

**EXTINCT INDIAN TOWN.**

Remains of *Coccyzus Whoop* Flattish  
by *Hindostan Ounce* Stood.

city of Hindustan, once the most  
city in the India. Tortoise  
on the west fork of White  
of the old Vincennes and New  
at road. It stood on the banks  
of the river, and off in the middle  
and avenue. Not a sign of the  
ains to-day.

city in the only part of this  
one of the best manufac-  
west of the Alleghonies.  
was owned and run by the  
capitalists. This city was mostly  
by Eastern people forty  
years ago. It was also  
a free trading port, their

Sto-  
Simp,  
Light

At some  
India I  
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In return  
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entarily.

[illegible]

tion of the Logskilnström it was called Hudostan, should be the seat of Martin county. This move to the county to build a fine center that in 1893 the town seemed and the city grew to a population of less than 6,000 people appears, all at once the city was called. The people began to die off hundreds and those living made do as soon as possible. There were conveyances enough to carry them to their resting places. Cholera

that can be learned however, sad by bilious fever. The cause of the plague came from the weeds in the river near the dam. The river rose and these weeds ashore. When the weeds began to rot off a very poisonous odor, caused this same plague came the rule of Vincennes in other places by the weeds in the Walash. When everybody broke up, the people moved back to the East, and some to have called them sweet corn. The sweetest to eat of corn out of the ear."

"Oh, no. She returned to the corn and the corn he buy pretty teeth charming and have known brayndo here in that wall into the corn."

only one or two business  
to mark the place where  
one of the most promising cities  
In 1828 the county seat was  
to Mount Pleasant. The place  
city once stood is now under a  
path of corn. There is only one  
In the county-to-day who can  
history of this old town

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**Hungry for Statistics.**  
such a smart-looking tramp that  
in the back yard, when he ap-  
peared, but he was not a

[illegible]

"You, then?" and she began to fill.

"Collector, ma'am?"

"I'm a collector," she said nervously.

"You could be grateful for that, because you are mistaken in me again; I'm not a collector."

"I'm a collector of vital statistics, ma'am. I'm here to take the census again?" she asked anxiously.

"Again, ma'am. It's only plain, ordinary statistics."

"I have a wide acquaintance with the subject. It has often occurred to me that I must be going to the museum to see the Turkey penguins, staying in the same place as a member of the expedition, and the parolans, and the tobacco, and the excise."

"A lad of education, his father, a doctor, or three times over would never have been able to do this."

statistical statistics I want"  
"you mean?"  
"statistics, ma'am, vital statistics;  
meat, and perhaps pie or cold  
am, to put it in the vernacu-  
lar, the only vital statistics I'm  
they're very vital, ma'am, for I  
one for twenty-four hours"  
exclaimed with a sigh of re-  
wounded away loaded with statis-  
tics Free Press

"The meekness, not to say that great barrier, Rufus," one tells this story about in a stage coach in Vermont company with the late Joseph Andrews remarked: "What a fine birds that house."

The vehicle sat a burly Englishman, the worse for liquor and sanguineous.

"Not a wall, sir; it is a fence," he pressing the speaker.

The modestly replied. "I call it one wall."

It is a fence, and I insaet up-  
ald in such a belligerent tone  
e sake of ponce, Mr. Choate  
ad to admit that it was a  
Mr. Bell jumped up and thus  
e Englishman. "I say, sir,  
stone wall, and if you again  
B I will throw you out of this  
—  
A C  
Employer—  
Applicant—  
"Can you do it?"  
"Yes, sir, p

**Too True**  
 Tortured fish peddler was belabored but patient horse in a street  
 n, D C, the other day, and  
 ares at intervals: "Herrin,  
 herrin!"  
 Hurtled lady, scolding his acts of  
 her head out of a second  
 w and said: "Have you no  
 was the reply: "nothin'  
 Porrest and Streem  
 The baron co-

ing to admit that it was a  
the Englishman. "I say, sir,  
I stonewall, and if you again  
his threat proved effective,  
ment ceased right there—

**Too True**  
The patient horse in a street  
D, C. the other day, and  
haring at intervals: "Herrin,  
vires!"

his side, feeling his aches of  
her hand out of a second  
w and said: "Have you no

" was the reply: "nothin'  
Formal: "No, I have not."

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

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